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Thy Kingdom Come!

BY WILLIAM HIRAM FOULKES

Thy Kingdom come. Matthew 6:10.

IN this staccato imperative the pent up longing of the Christian centuries bursts forth. It is the haunting echo of all the unrequited cries of the human heart for truth and life. It is the signpost on the divine trail across the wilderness of our mortality into the promised land, the homeland of the soul. It is the eastern window through which anointed men are ever seeing sunrise over the hills of time. It is the key that unlocks the mystery of cosmic travail. It is the more than magic wand that transforms *kenosis* into *pleroma.* It is the miracle of miracles in which Omnipotence puts itself utterly at the disposal of human willingness. It is the trumpet that has never ceased to sound. "Behold, your King cometh!"

Let us listen afresh to the burning word as it resounds through the corridors of time, vibrant with eternity. Let us hear it as a harbinger of hope in the midst of the wreckage of frustrated human dreams and desires scattered adown the years. Let us behold it as a ray of celestial light upon the background of human futility as men continue to build their towers of babel. Let us listen to it supremely in its simple, unadorned, never-to-be-forgotten setting upon the lips of the Son of man as he teaches it to all of those who will become his disciples. "After this manner pray ye. . . . Thy Kingdom come!"

We do well today to re-examine the sanctions of "Kingdom Come." No more revealing and rewarding study could be made by any reverent mind than that which leads to the unfolding of the mystery of the Kingdom of God on earth. Why does it not come? How may it come, here and there? When will it come? Where is the King? Why does he tarry?

The records of the history of the Christian church are blotted with tragedy upon tragedy of unbelief, disillusionment and disobedience. Yet upon these same pages the finger of faith, under the tutelage of the hand

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of God, has written luminous words of hope and achievement. From the apostolic days until now, the brightest spot in human history in every generation is where the obedient faith of the disciples of Jesus has focused life upon the point of the coming of his Kingdom. Whenever the church has forgotten the Kingdom of God, covered it under a mass of rites and ceremonies, poured it into the mold of human opinion and traditions, and set it up as a weapon of fear and coercion, then the dark ages have settled down upon the souls of men. Whenever and wherever the believing disciples of Jesus have learned to pray, by lip and by life, "Thy Kingdom come!" then and there the golden age of God has burst into dawn.

Let us look today at some of the current aspects of the "Kingdom Come," sweeping in their comprehensiveness and startling in their significance. At the outset, "Kingdom Come" is let down from the sky. It is a heavenly Kingdom. It is not born of earth. It is not the result of a human quest, but the fruition of a divine purpose. It stands out in stark contrast with the humanistic schemes of our mechanized day and generation, by means of which humanity is vainly seeking to satisfy its soul with the toil of its own hand, and the ashes of its own spent fires.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD TODAY

If ever the Christian church needed to lift its voice in behalf of a heavenly Kingdom on earth, it is now—a Kingdom whose pattern is heavenly, heavenly in its origin, in its structure, in its extent and in its intent. There is all the difference in the universe between the Christian doctrine of the Kingdom of God, and a hundred and one current schemes for social amelioration and human betterment. Many of them have a large degree of promise, but at best they are man's experimentation. The Kingdom of Heaven Come is God's revelation.

"Kingdom Come" is a divine paternalism. It has for its center a Father, a heavenly father, a father of all who will acknowledge his sway, a father with a name to be hallowed, and with a will to be done on earth and in heaven. That is why the Christian church must ever and again do battle with the paganizing forces of the world, some of them demonic in their sweep. All over the earth individuals and groups, and here and there nations, are rising up to deny the divine fatherhood. It makes no real difference either whether the denial is outright as in atheistic communism or implicit as in self-sufficient fascism. The Christian church, if it is to preserve its heritage, must come face to face, in a head-on collision, with the powers of the darkness of this world. Just as in the first century, so today after nineteen hundred years, the Christian community must take up the gauntlet of those who are denying God, and once again fight the good fight of faith.

On the long, long battle line in which the Christian church must be drawn up to face the foe there are several strategic sectors, where the forces of light must be arrayed with consummate strategy and with deathless determination against "the hosts of darkness." The Master Strategist of "Kingdom Come" long ago outlined his plan of campaign. Why have his followers been so laggard and slothful? Let me name these sectors tod not in wise words of my own inditing, but directly fr the mandate of the Commander himself.

The battleground of the human will against divine, "Thy will be done!" The battleground of mo combat here and now "on earth." The battlegrou of economic injustice—"give us this day our da bread!" The battleground of personal and corporate —"Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." T battleground of organized and seductive evil—"Lead not into temptation, but deliver us from evil!" T battleground where faith must meet and forever va quish fear—"For thine is the Kingdom and the pov and the glory forever, Amen!"

THE THRUST OF EVANGELISM

The Christian church must bring up all of its spi ual reserves, its most reverent and far-seeing schol ship, its most precious fellowship, its truly corpor testimony, to say nothing of its material possessions, a mass all these resources in the life and death struggle tween the will of man and the will of God. "Thy w be done." We call the thrust of this battle, evangeli It is the effort of the church to bring men, one by o into vital contact with the power at the heart of the u verse, and by the surrender of their wills to him, enter into the experience of his victory. There is substitute for evangelism. It is the primary duty of church and every Christian. To bring individuals i harmony with God's will as revealed in Christ is first task of the church.

No social order founded upon the cupidity of m upon arrogance or injustice, upon racial or natio pride can stand when Christ's will is done. To c men to repent and to bring their disobedient wills i submission to the will of God, is our inescapable ta It must be done today in fresh ways, but with a chan less purpose. The horse and buggy days may be over, a the era of the machine may have dawned, but man hi self has not changed, and never will until he is chan by capitulation to the will of God.

THE CHURCH AND DAILY BREAD

The second battle line of Christian faith today is bread line. "Daily bread!" is the pronunciamento the King of "Kingdom Come." "Give us this day daily bread!" In other words, the church must grap with economic problems, but it must first grapple w God. "Pray ye!" said the Master. He put prayer fi we often put it last, a dernier resort. The fearful justices which men have perpetrated upon their fell men, and some of them in the name of religion, need be brought out into the burning light of truth. Wh we pray we see things as they are in God's reveal light. "Give us daily bread!"

Daily bread means toil and labor. Jesus himself clined to turn stones into bread, to usher in prosper by magic. God has provided the manner and means which bread is made. Men must work, not dawdle a loiter, but work! And they must have a chance to w —to work honestly and rewardingly, and to get th share of bread—not their neighbor's bread, not br stolen from the poor and underprivileged by legislati

avarice and fraud, but daily bread, day by day, every day. This means economic security—the assurance of bread enough for daily needs. It is blasphemy to say that the Kingdom of God has largely come, in a world with fecund soil and bountiful harvests and bursting granaries, but with hundreds of millions of human beings perpetually hungry. "All of God's chillun ain't got bread." This is not the Kingdom of God. This is the kingdom of darkness and evil.

One thing that can never be forgotten by anyone who has visited the lands of the Orient is the spectacle of human misery and poverty. It is so appalling and so terrible that it is almost unbelievable. And there are, alas, areas in our own land where there is scant daily bread

William Hiram Foulkes

for dire daily needs. "Give ye them to eat!" said the same Master who once taught his disciples to pray "Give us our daily bread!" In other words, the only economic order that will finally survive is the one in which the Heavenly Father, righteous and loving, and his obedient children, working together, will bring to pass the abundant life and make the desert to blossom like the rose.

THE CHURCH AND HUMAN RIGHTS

There is no use blinking the fact that the Christian church will have to line up in a great struggle that is going on around the world today on the world's bread line. It will have to lift its corporate voice anew in behalf of the rights of man to have his daily bread, whatever his condition, class or color. At the same time the church will be guilty of the most tragic mesalliance if it links itself with any political or economic scheme for human amelioration, unless God is at the heart of it, and the spirit of Christ gives a guarantee that it will not collapse on the point of human selfishness and greed. There is a Christian doctrine of economics. It is so deep and broad and high that most of us bow it out of court. Its essence was long ago revealed—"thy neighbor as thyself"! "Every man must bear his own burden," said the apostle. The word literally is *phortion*—the cargo of a ship. That is, every man must do his own day's work. At the same time, "bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ."

In the face of all the degrading and devastating power of evil that is keeping God's children from their daily bread, such as the exploitation of childhood, sweatshops and tenement reproaches, the gambling mania, the horrible traffic in intoxicants and in deadly drugs, and all the other seductive forces of organized evil, the Christian has the one vital weapon. "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend!" That conviction will be the ultimate means of solving the problems of greed and avarice. "My brother—for whom Christ died"—not an economic enemy to be fought with crafty violence, but a brother.

If you were to ask me to stand and deliver upon the matter of some of the economic proposals that are now being made, I would have to answer with candor that upon some of them I am not clear, while others have essential Christian implications. But one thing is clear, and that is the fact that no economic scheme that crowds God, the heavenly Father, out or that divides humanity into hating and fighting class camps, will finally avail. The only and the ultimate social and economic state is the commonwealth of God on earth. If one asks, What does the Christian church have to say about walk-outs and strikes, and the present industrial overture? a clear and conclusive answer can be made. Whatever is born of fear and hatred, bred in violence, armed with force, led forth by greed and pride, is anti-Christ. "Whosoever hateth his brother is in darkness. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes and the pride of life is not of the Father but is of the world. And the world passeth away and the lust thereof but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS

Once again the Christian battle front in the cause of "Kingdom Come" is on the moral plane of forgiveness. "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." At first thought it seems so utterly simple. The ABC of the gospel is forgiveness. Forgiveness is a primitive grace, but it is so vast in its proportions and so deep in its significance that it overawes and humbles us. What would happen to our modern, neo-pagan world, if the Christian doctrine of forgiveness were to be applied with its full tide of meaning? What would happen to the present industrial strife, what would befall the divorce courts, if the Christian principle of "forgive as we forgive" should obtain? Where would the racketeers be? What about the deep cleavages between classes and races? What would take place in the international field if the nations were to rise to the level of our Lord's purposes as outlined in the prayer he taught his disciples, "Forgive as we forgive."

At the root of our economic bitterness is the pent-up unforgiving and unforgiven heart of man. We do well

in the face of that shallow humanism in which the self-made man ceases not to worship his creator day and night, to turn to the divine plan for human life which involves repentance before God and restitution to men. Forgiveness is not the only word in the ethical doctrines of the Kingdom of God, but it is the first word we need to learn. As the inheritors of nearly twenty centuries of Christian faith and life we need to be reminded of the cost of forgiveness. If Jesus had taught his disciples to pray "Forgive as we forgive" but had dodged the cross, or had failed to be less than infinite love on the rood for lost men, if he had uttered no word of pardon for the penitent thief upon his near-by cross on Golgotha's hill, think you that we would ever have remembered the prayer he taught his disciples? It might have come down the centuries as a bit of beautiful rhetoric, a mosaic of lovely ideas, a tapestry of the many-colored threads of noble sentiment, but it would have no power. We might say it, but we would not pray it.

Thank God, that prayer is crimsoned with the laid-down life of the Master who taught his disciples to pray. At its heart Christianity is infinitely more than a reformatory, idealistic scheme. The basic foundation of our gospel is redemption in the breaking heart of God over the sin of the world. Forgiveness is rooted in the divine nature. We forgive because he first forgave. If we are truly forgiven, we will forgive. Let the church, in simple language, divested of all cluttering metaphysical sophistry, but rock ribbed with eternal and unchangeable truth, declare the coming of a kingdom in which righteousness is assured through redemption, whose King is crowned not with gold but upon a sacrificial cross for the sin of the whole world. As the present passing wave of nationalistic human self-sufficiency subsides, as it already has begun to do, the tides of God will turn in full measure and sweep in upon our humanity with the pull of another world upon our disillusioned but not hopeless mortality.

THE BATTLE AGAINST EVIL

Still again "Kingdom Come" faces the battle front of Armageddon where organized evil is marshaled against our Lord and against his Christ. May I reverently paraphrase one of St. Paul's notable words? "For our-hand-to-hand, life-and-death struggle is not with mere men, but with organized and entrenched evil, with sinister forces even in spiritually high places, sitting in the darkness and plotting for the destruction of humankind. Therefore, let us put on the panoply of the divine Kingdom and make a stand, and to the last ditch and last drop of blood stand fast."

In the Master's prayer we are taught to plead for deliverance from evil and for a shielding from temptation. The problem of moral evil has taxed the resources of every generation. Even nearly twenty full-spent Christian centuries have not eradicated it from our thought and life. The Christian gospel has never blinked the tragic and basic reality of moral and spiritual evil. The Church of Christ does itself disservice when it belittles the power of its foe. The terrible uprisings of human passion, the predatory traffic in the bodies and souls of men and women and little children and at the apex of the ghastly pyramid, deadly war, bring us face to face with an enemy deeply entrenched and desperate powerful.

Well may the Christian church cry for deliveran and seek the security that comes only when evil is ove come by good. One of the reasons why current Chr tianity has, by common consent, lost some of its vit energy is that it has ceased to be morally militant. has spent all too much of its time and energy debati relatively unimportant issues, watching with careless u concern the parade of "the world, the flesh and t devil" and has been all too often unprepared to me the savage onslaught of the sinister forces which crafti turn from their parade and appear in battle array.

THE ASSURANCE OF VICTORY

Last of all, in the Master's prayer by means of whi he sought to teach his disciples how to bring the Kin dom of Heaven down to earth, there resounds the no of joyous confidence and assured victory. It is true th many of the manuscripts do not contain the closin words of the Lord's prayer as revealed in Matthew Gospel. No one doubts, however, that they are consis ent and appropriate. The Christian cause has victo written upon the tablets of its heart and tingling at t very finger tips of its faith.

Has not the time come for us as followers of a invincible Commander, to abandon the defeatist attitu that has been paralyzing our endeavors and to rise, n in arrogance but with a sublime and steadfast convictio that though the Kingdom seems to tarry it must con and it will come. All of the other kingdoms are on the way out. The tyrannies and despotisms of the ancien days have gone the way of the earth. Those of ou modern times, so similar to their ancient counterpart will also pass away. The only Kingdom that is sti coming, always coming, everywhere coming, throug travail and blood, through weakness and wearines through tears and grief, is the Kingdom of our Lord whom by divine decree as immutable as gravity or th tides of the sea belong power and glory.

To your feet, my fellow Christians! Behold, you King cometh! Let us go forth to meet him.

BE OF GOOD CHEER; for thou knowest, as I know that the Fellowship of Man shall endure, however man tribulations it may have to wear through. And wha shall it be save that men shall be determined to be free yea, free as thou wouldst have them, when thine hop rises the highest, and thou art thinking of the end of al when men shall have the fruits of the earth and th fruits of their toil thereon, without money and withou price. The time shall come when that dream of thine that this shall one day be, shall be a thing that me shall talk of soberly, and as a thing soon to come abou Therefore, hast thou done well to hope it.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

ANY "social gospel" which is not the outward an inevitable expression of the inward saving experienc of God in Christ will be nothing but a diluted socialism and anybody who holds it will have the experience o becoming a half-baked revolutionist and a caricature o a Christian. A. J. MUSTE.

The War to End War

By Henry Kendall Booth

WE come again as a nation in common with the world of our time to the celebration of Armistice day. The most tragic fact of the last quarter century stands before us today, not the horrors that this day so vividly brings back to us, not the awful losses which the world sustained which will be recounted in memory, not the death of those heroes who went out from all the nations and laid down their lives over there in France and Flanders—the tragedy lies in the fact that we still call it Armistic day. For during the years since that day came with its hysterical joy we have done nothing to change it to Peace day. And an armistice, as we all know, is simply a cessation of hostilities, a breathing spell between conflicts, in which we lay down our arms for the time being but have not laid them down permanently. For with all the accumulated horrors and losses of that war piled mountain high, the world up to the present has done practically nothing to avert its repetition.

It needs no demonstration on my part to tell you that we are much nearer war now than we were in 1914, that we are closer to a worse war than 1914 ever dreamed. There are twice as many men under arms, or more, than were under arms then. Twice as deadly are the weapons of killing as they then were. Twice as determined are the nations of today to carry through whatever war they may start to its ultimate conclusion.

I do not know how many of you have seen that very remarkable film which attempts to set forth upon the screen the book by H. G. Wells called *The Shape of Things to Come,* which has been shortened in its film title to "Things to Come." If any of you have, you will remember that it presents us a Europe of some thirty years ahead (and I think it has set the time too far away) in which Europe has reverted to barbarism; where over the ruins of once great cities there roam hordes of looters with bandit chieftains; a world in which all that we have learned has been lost, all our scientific achievements have been forgotten and men have gone back to the crude old methods of living that existed before civilization was ever known. I do not believe that is an exaggerated picture.

I cannot see how any of us can fail to get just a bit excited in the face of this problem. For that European war, though it may delay for years, may come tomorrow; because those who are contending that it will be deferred know perfectly well that we are playing with dynamite and that an explosion may occur without anyone's intention. It is a gigantic game of bluff in which the nations are now engaged, but somebody may be foolish enough to forget the rules of that game and then it is all over.

And so Armistic day, as it returns, ought to bring us to a sobering hour of reflection. It ought not to be a day of boisterous patriotism, but a time in which we think very seriously. For one wonders what can be the matter with the world in our day, with all these years behind us since that World War, that there has not been more real effort to avert the repetition of that conflict, because I am sure none of us have forgotten the hysteria of joy that seized the world that day. It was because the masses of men were weary of war, revolted at the horror of it, and were glad beyond words to get back again to the basis of peace. So the world exulted and leaped for joy. And the masses of men still are in the frame of mind they were when the World War closed. They hate war. They revolt from war. They do not want war. And yet they are simply drifting toward it on the tide of the forces that put us into the last war.

I

There are economic forces that drive the world to war. The goods of the world are not equally distributed, so that there are "have" nations and "have not" nations, and the "have not" nations are going to reach out forceful hands to seize what they need for their own use. If they cannot get their portion of the world's goods by peaceful measures, they are sooner or later going to resort to force to get it. I do not know how you are going to avert war under those circumstances unless something is done about the economics of the problem.

Then there are political forces at work that are prostituting the sweetest and noblest thing in human life to their use. I mean by that the love of a man for his country. There is nothing finer or more beautiful. All of us feel it. No one feels it so intensely as one who leaves his own country and comes back. There is nothing finer, nothing more beautiful in the modern world than this loyalty and love and almost adoration that men feel toward their country, its traditions and institutions.

And yet it ought to be perfectly plain, so plain that he who runs may read, that there are certain sinister, selfish forces in the modern world in every nation (our own included) that are using that passion for their own ends. They are determined that for the sake of profit or glory or prestige they will push us into war whether we will or not. They do not care what the consequences are, they do not reck of what will take place. This is the burden of the sordid revelations of the Nye inquiry. They make us aghast and ashamed that there can exist in the modern world a group of men who for their own personal profit (although they are already immensely wealthy) are reaching out not simply to gain the profits of war when it comes, but to make more wars in order to make more profits. That fact stands out in all its ugly nakedness from those millions of words of that inquiry, so that none can deny it. And with that group are aligned other selfish groups that I shall not take the time to name and they are all driving us toward war.

And the third force that is driving us to war is psychological. Our minds are played upon cleverly, constantly by propaganda. Unfortunately a group of industrialists and militarists own so much of the approach to the public mind, the agencies of publicity, that they can thus play upon it. And the one great, hoary, horrible lie that they keep on telling us is that if we will arm to the teeth we will never have war, as though that were not exactly the road followed by the nations which arrived at war in 1914—as though you can ever arm to the teeth and be safe. For while you are arming to the teeth your neighbor is arming to the teeth and the fact that you

are arming a little more than your neighbor stirs him to still more arming. So the vicious circle. "In time of peace prepare for war." That lie was spawned in hell. It has brought more harm and tragedy to the world than any phrase that has ever been spoken. For if in time of peace you prepare for war you get war, and not peace.

Everywhere in the world people are out of work, starvation is stalking the streets of every large capital, all sorts of human misery and need are stretching out their hands, and yet the world continues to spend money, as it is doing everywhere, in America as well as in Europe, preparing for war. We are pouring this wealth into a rathole. We are building these big battleships everywhere and a few years from now we shall scrap them and throw them away. There is no more awful waste of money than in this war preparedness. If it accomplished anything it might be worth while. But unfortunately it does not. It simply means, of course, that sooner or later the world will again be at war.

II

Now the thing that we need to do most of all on Armistice day is to change our whole attitude, and to recognize that there is no real ground on which the war system can be defended. I am not going to discuss the horrors of war. It is plain enough to any of us that it is ghastly beyond words, and there are none of us, whatever our point of view, who want war. Yet it is defended on certain grounds.

Men tell us it is inevitable, that it is a part of human life, that human nature cannot be changed, since men are "fighting animals." But human nature can be changed, and has been changed; for you folk that sit in front of me this morning are very different from your forefathers in a great many ways; and there are a good many hoary institutions that were thought to be permanent in human life that have vanished. If you had been able to sit in a southern slave owner's home in the '40s and '50s of the last century, you would have heard just such arguments for slavery as you now hear for war. Had you been able to go back to the old Continental era, or to pass over into the France of the eighteenth century, you would have heard just the same arguments for dueling as you now hear for war. Yet both these evils have vanished. Human nature is better than it was, for a changed human nature said that these things must go.

Moreover there is a new consciousness of social responsibility that we all feel which makes it impossible for any man to say honestly that human nature cannot be changed. There is a fighting instinct, that is granted. But it is not a fighting instinct that expresses itself in a war of aggression. For the only reason that we would fight, or any self-respecting, red-blooded man would fight, would be to defend himself or his family against actual aggression. And modern war is not defensive, but aggressive.

Nor is it police power that we use in war, for the police do not use force first of all; they use restraint. And you cannot seriously talk about armies and navies being police forces. For I submit to you that we do not have in any city six or eight police forces fighting each other up and down our streets. Yet that is exactly what the war system creates. If we had an international police force, if we had an international navy, let us say, then that argument might be justified, that these existed because some nations would not listen to reason. For just as there are criminals in every country that have to be restrained and put behind bars, so those nations that will not obey the mandates of a League of Nations or a collective decision of mankind ought to have some such force to restrain them. But that is not at all what we have today. For when we have armies in Germany and in Russia and in France and in Italy and in Spain and in England and in America, so that all these various armies at any time may rush at one another's throats, armament is anything but a police force.

I hope that we shall also understand that it is untrue that patriotism can only be expressed in *war*. I cannot see why a man who wants peace should be considered an enemy of his country. For if I understand at all correctly our problem today and what we confront, the greatest enemy we confront today is war. If war should come we recognize that the things that we count most noble and beautiful in our land would pass out of our lives, and we should see a recrudescence of that awful spirit of hatred that was born in the World War, and all the real achievements of our national history would perish.

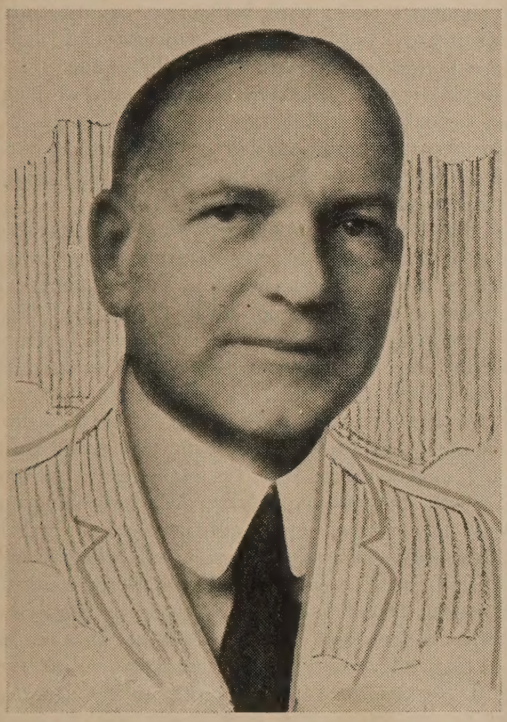
The next war is not going to be fought as the last war was. If you want an illustration of what I mean, look at Spain and China, for there the war is fought as the next war will be fought. It is not a very large conflict there now. It does not involve the vast numbers that the next world war will. But you see a pattern in miniature of what the next war will be like, and you see plainly that it means the utter destruction of property and of people. For in both Madrid and Shanghai the aerial warfare spared neither human-built structures nor human life. All were blown to bits together. And in Europe, when the next war comes, it is going to mean the destruction of Berlin and Paris and London and if it should cross the Atlantic it would mean the destruction of New York and Chicago and San Francisco.

III

I do not hesitate, this morning, to present this matter in a pulpit because I cannot see how anybody can read the words of Jesus or how anybody can study the life of Jesus or how anyone can come at all sympathetically to some understanding of his spirit without believing profoundly that Jesus did not countenance war. It is utterly alien to the spirit of Christ. He came with a gospel not of force, but of love. He came to teach men to love one another, to forgive their enemies, to deal with each other compassionately and not in hate and reprisal. He himself went to the cross forgiving his enemies and praying for them even on the cross, submitting to the indignities that he passed through and to death itself rather than have recourse to force. When his disciples would have defended him, he said to one disciple: "Put up thy sword, for they who take the sword shall perish by the sword." How can we invoke again, as we did before, the blessing of Jesus upon our wars?

Moreover we must recall what we have long ignored,

that for the first three hundred years of Christian history the Christian church believed profoundly that Jesus called his followers to turn their backs upon war, so that these early Christians would not serve in armies and would not go to war. They were what we call today absolute pacifists. They repudiated war utterly. Of course the time came when the church accommodated itself to the world, in the fourth century, and from that day to this the pure water of Jesus' teaching has been diluted and polluted by all sorts of infusions. But in those first three hundred years of Christianity, Christians were still close to the Nazarene. Realizing his spirit of love the church defied the powers of the world



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to make them kill each other even at the call and challenge of governments. That is something we ought to remember.

So I make no apologies for standing before you this morning in the name of the Prince of Peace and asking that you consider what some of us are trying to do in this country for Christ and peace. A league has been formed of militant pacifists. For we are going to fight. We have a challenge and we have a slogan. We are making "a war to end war." That sounds ironic now, because that slogan was put before us in the World War. But we proceeded along the wrong way. We thought that we could end war by war. You cannot put an end to it by force, because force breeds force. You can only put an end to it by thought, by reason, by common sense, by justice, by good will, by those spiritual elements of human life that do not find expression in armies and navies, do not find expression in force. So this group of people in this country have determined that we have talked enough about the horrors of war. We have set ourselves to a very practical program, very simple and very direct. For we realize that all the resolutions we can pass, all the emotional reactions we can get from audiences however huge, all the wishing and praying and talking and singing about peace that we can do from now to doomsday will never stop war.

For war, after all is said and done, so far as we are concerned in America, is made or refused in Washington. We have put into the hands of the men in our Congress, our Senators and Representatives, the authority to declare war. Therefore it is clear that the practical and simple program before us is for those of us who really believe in peace and want peace, who really are determined that we shall have peace and not war, to tell Congress this conviction in no uncertain terms. In other words, we are going to use the technique of the war system, which for years has been telling congressmen what to do and how to vote. For if we can wake up enough people in this country to the responsibility and need of that kind of action we can accomplish miracles.

And the reason why we have some hope to believe that it might be done here is that we are living in the only country in the world that is still sane, that has not quite lost its head. For American public opinion has shown in this last year that we Americans are definitely determined that we do not want war, and that the only thing for which we will conceivably go to war is a direct frontal attack upon our own shores. For that I am satisfied we would muster every force we possess. So I believe I speak the mind of all thoughtful Americans when I say that we are not going to allow our boys to be sent overseas again to fight on some foreign shore.

Most of us who have read that horrible and ghastly story of what brought on the war, and the revelations with their disillusionments that followed the war, know how utterly false was that whole program that brought us into the war. We were tricked into it, deceived into it, lied into it. We know now that it was not a war "to make the world safe for democracy," or a "war to end war" at all. For there were selfish and sinister forces that drove us into it. And with our eyes now wide open we are not very likely to believe such lies again.

But we can *feel* all we want to, from now to the end of time, and we are never going to get anywhere unless we *do* something. I do not care how strongly you feel that you do not want to go to war, you are going to be in war inside of five years unless you wake up and do something. Over in the city of Munich last summer I saw the "Brown House," an old palace that Adolf Hitler has converted into the headquarters of the Nazi party and over the front was this huge inscription in German: *"Deutschland Erwache"*—"Germany! Wake Up!" And I wish I could shout into the ears of every man or woman in America: "America! Wake Up!" If we do not do something we are going to be in war.

It is a very simple program we advocate, we who are really fighting for peace. For we are sure that we can do something to avert war. Do not think that because we are few in numbers, we can do nothing; do not hold up your hands in helplessness, as many very good and well-meaning people do and say, "Well, what can *I* do about it?" It is the multitude of the "I's" that make

up the public. And even one person can accomplish more than he realizes.

IV

Now, what is this practical program? There are six things that need to be done.

First of all, we must have a law to take the profits out of war. This awful drive of greed is the thing that makes almost inevitable, everywhere in the world, all kinds of evils. We all know that the love of money *is* the root of all evil; not money itself, but the passion for it. It seems to make men utterly inhuman, forget their duty to their fellows. Now it is proposed that we shall take the profits out of war, turn over the munitions industry to the government to be used, when necessary, for war, which would take completely out of the hands of those who have promoted it all these years the incentive to have more wars and promote more wars in order to make more private profit. That is the first measure.

The second one is the conscription of wealth along with workers and soldiers in the case of war. We have no such measure at the present time. There was a War Department proposal pending that would conscript all the workmen of the country, but there is none that includes the conscription of wealth as well. The suggestion was made by no less a person than Smedley Butler that we should make a uniform law that when war comes everybody in this country, rich and poor, shall simply march down into the trenches with the soldiers, and get just $30 a month and no more. I wonder if we would ever have war if such a measure should pass. Some such simple, practical measure needs enactment. It has behind it, I am happy to say, practically the unanimous support of the American Legion, which believes that wealth ought to be conscripted along with men; as we all do. Why some men should have vastly profited, as they did in that last war, while those poor boys of ours went over to suffer and die in the trenches, I think none of us can understand. There is no reason why it should ever occur again. We have the power to stop it.

Third, we must have a new program of armament for defense only—in other words, a curtailment of this armament race. There is a group that has been proposing a bill in Congress for a thoroughgoing study of this whole question. If we need defense on our Pacific and Atlantic coasts, well and good. If we have to stretch a line of forts the whole length of those coasts, well and good. If we must have battleships and airplane squadrons prepared to defend either coast against any aggression from abroad, well and good. But that is all.

Yet you and I know perfectly well that the program now going on does not contemplate such defense at all, but is rather contemplating the protection of every American traveling abroad and every American dollar invested abroad and every American enterprise carried out abroad—which means war almost in thirty days; we could not keep out of it, if we should follow that policy. Yet this naval program is not a policy that our government has ever officially adopted. It is not a policy our people has ever approved. But it is a policy that is being put over on us with these continuous war scares, that somebody is coming to invade our shores, that we ought to have more battleships and a larger army. Well should we or should we not? It is a vast bill we are footing, a billion dollars a year. And we are the ones who pay the bills. It is only common sense and business wisdom that should lead us to say: "Well, let us see what the program really should be. What do you need this money for? Is it for defense as you claim, or not?" Such a proposal would probably bring more reactions more hatred, more bitterness, than any ever presented before in this country. But nevertheless we plain people ought to have the right to determine whether or not this huge armament program is justified, in view of all the needs of our nation for constructive spending.

Fourth, let there be an embargo on all loans and on all abnormal trade with belligerent countries in the event of war. The embargo on loans is already in effect. The embargo on shipments is partially in effect. It will be necessary, as we all know who have studied the question, to make it an embargo on all kinds of goods, because not only munitions but oil and steel and cotton and all these commodities are just as vitally necessary in the event of war to warring countries.

A definite measure with teeth must be enacted. And if passed, it would be a strong deterrent, not only to our entrance into war, which would be its primary purpose, but to war in Europe itself. These countries are now stripping themselves down to the bone to maintain their armies. There is not one country in Europe, so far as I know, that could carry on war for a year with the resources it has in sight today. If they do not get money and goods from Uncle Sam, where will they get them? And if Uncle Sam says to the rest of the world, "We will give you no money. We will ship you no goods. If you want to fight, all right, but you will have to fight with your own resources"—I believe it would practically prevent war. For these nations would think the matter through a long time before they slapped each other in the face and started in to fight. It is not going to be easy today, with the cost that war involves, straining all the resources of any country to the utmost as it does, to carry on any war without our help. So it would not only keep us out of war but also very materially reduce the possibility of war in Europe.

And the fifth thing needed is the completion of a Pan-American peace and understanding. The conference held a few months ago has made for a far better feeling in this Western hemisphere. It was not long ago that all these people south of the Rio Grande looked upon the United States as a potential enemy, an enemy great and powerful and mighty of resource, with its navy and its army, with imperialist designs. But that attitude has practically disappeared.

There is more hope of an understanding in the Western hemisphere than in many years. And if this "Good Neighbor" policy, already adopted, can be fully carried out, it will not only promote peace on this side of the Atlantic, but it will probably do more than any other single force to stir the league to reform itself or to form a new organization that would work with our Western hemisphere and form another and possibly more successful federation of nations. All of us know perfectly well that the only hope for permanent peace is that we shall have some kind of a league or federation

or grouping for collective action of all the nations of the world. We cannot settle any question of dispute by war, but if we can get together around a table we can find some solution. I grant you that the league has failed in part, nevertheless it needs somehow to be revived. All forward-looking and farsighted people believe that with all its faults, the world must have something of that kind in order to have lasting peace. And Europe would have been in war already if there had not been even this very poor excuse for a League of Nations that now exists.

Sixth and last, we need to enter into cooperation for some kind of world trade agreement. And again there is a bright spot with a patch of blue amidst the clouds. For we have already made a start in that direction. Our new monetary agreement has already had its effect in Europe. It is bringing a stabilization of international currency, a thing that has been sadly needed. And I am happy to say that we have a Secretary of State who sees this issue clearly and has often expressed his great desire that we should not only cooperate but lead if necessary in a new conference on this question of the mutual interchange of goods and resources, as he did over an international radio broadcast not long ago. If that should come to pass with even a partial measure of success, I am sure that it would do more than any other single thing to remove the causes, the primary causes, that lie back of war in the modern world.

V

Such are the measures that lie before us to be made actual. But they need, in order to succeed, that those who really want peace do all in their power to compel Congress to enact them into law. If we can get enough people of this country so awakened, we can do more than by any other means to bring peace. We have talked about peace. We have prayed about it. We have agonized over it. But we have *done* little about it. So it is time that we quit being peace-wishers and turn to being peace-*makers*. For if this group of men at Washington have by our Constitution in their hands the right to declare war or to abstain from war, then that is the focal point where our energies ought to be exercised, that is the place where we ought to bring pressure to bear.

I believe the American people today are very definitely averse to any further conflicts. They do not want war. And certainly they do not want a war that will take our boys out of our homes and factories and shops, as before, and load them into boats and send them overseas to fight and die on foreign soil. We hope that no one will ever attack this country. In such a case, for the defense of our country all of us will give all that we have. We will never allow any other nation to take away our liberties and our rights by an unprovoked attack upon us. But the real danger is not that of an attack from without. It comes from the presence in our nation of those sinister forces of selfishness that will profit by war and in consequence subtly seek to influence our minds toward war. And if we continue to drift, as we have been drifting, they will simply drive us into another war. That is the plain and very practical message of Armistice Sunday. Each of us, as Christian men and women, can, if we will, do something very practical and definite to keep Mars from conquering Christ and destroying both civilization and the church as well.

Facts That Undergird Life

By Paul Scherer

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. II Corinthians 13:14.

THE remark was once made by G. K. Chesterton that if you ever happened to find yourself on the point of renting a room from some landlady, you should not ask her first about the food or the sheets or the price of such accommodations as she might be able to offer. It would be far better and more useful, he said, to fix her with a steady eye and put to her severely this question: Madam, what is your total view of the universe? And of course he was right! In the long run everything else turns out to be quite secondary. It's your philosophy of life—what you think of its origin and its purpose and its destiny; what you think of the facts that lie beneath it and the goals that are set for it: all this that's of prime importance; not the making of beds or the frying of bacon or the rendering of bills!

And so I make no apology for attempting to set before you the three basic conceptions which have upheld for twenty centuries the life of the Christian community. Paul records them in the so-called New Testament benediction, which is a sort of threefold idea of God held in solution, not crystallized yet into any doctrine, with no effort at definition, just the bare statement of an experience which any man may have of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost; not an abstruse philosophy, out of touch with life; not simply a revelation, to be received on the authority of a Book and recited in a creed: but an insight; an insight into the nature of that ultimate reality which undergirds the universe; a judgment of essential values—values inherent in the very process of living, values without which life cannot continue long or prove valiant and victorious. This that we call today the doctrine of the Trinity is really just a home-body bit of philosophy in its overalls! I want you to watch it at work.

I

And I am going to begin where Paul begins, with the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. In the New Testament, grace means more than charm and winsomeness; it means the sum total of all the blessing which Jesus came to bring and to be. It means mercy and truth. It means the divine favor. It means the power of God—resting now by reason of a Galilean upon human life. And all this in order that every man might at last discover himself to be a creature of the most amazing capacities, intrinsically great, and potentially triumphant. This surely is what Christ has wrought, on the stage of the world.

It's all that he has wrought, when you come to draw a line under it and add it up.

He has brought everlastingly into the foreground of human thought the central, redeemed, abiding dignity of the human soul!

There is an ancient legend which tells of the day when men first stood before the gods daring to be like them, sensing within themselves a kinship which made them walk a little more proudly on the earth. But the gods in their jealousy stole that spark of their own life away, and sought to hide it out of all sight and reach. Weeks passed into months, and in their counsels no place for it was found. For man ranged the mountains and plumbed the seas and peered inquiringly into the heavens. Nowhere would the spark be safe. Until at last the great god Brahm took it in his hands and gave signal in the long hall for peace. Briefly he vanished—and was back again. There was a smile now on his face. "Fear not," he said; "I have hidden the spark where man never in all his days think to search. I have hidden it securely in his own heart!"

Jesus of Nazareth had nothing to do with the hiding of that spark: everything that he was and did served to reveal it. Men began to think of themselves differently because he had come. They grew very certain that for all their poor and seeming estate, for all their persistent cheapness and poverty, they did amount to something, and could amount to more. You could call them fools if you liked. And maybe they were. You could watch their deliberate deviltry and their tragic mistakes, and throw up your hands in despair. You could make up your mind that humanity was crazy, and needed to be put in a straight-jacket, with some Stalin cracking his whip over it, or some Hitler, or some Mussolini. But all the while—deep under its wilfulness and its folly—was still that divine possibility, that god-like capacity for some grace of being finer than itself. Because Christ lived, and guaranteed it with the death he was willing to die!

You needn't be discouraged any longer about human nature if you didn't want to be. He wasn't. You could draw a heavy line through all your cynicisms. And when things seemed blackest, you could gird yourself for some new triumph—though you might not know just what—of the human spirit! There was something intrinsically great about the soul, and potentially triumphant!

And we are getting hold of that. Surely we are. This short record of the Savior's life, comprising as it does the scattered words and events of not more than a hundred days, perhaps not more than sixty, has so tied and twisted itself into the mind of the twentieth century that we cannot long think meanly of each other. I know—there are whole battalions of books written about our puny stature and our miserable stupidity. Now and then somebody lets out a blast and calls us apes. But we don't act on any of it. We listen to the wise men who run down our feckless, silly selves, and we nod very soberly; because God knows they make out a good case. But then we shake our heads and bite our lips and hitch up our belts and live by Christ's judgment of us, and not by theirs!

Why, that's what our stubborn faith in democracy means. It means that finally we do believe in this stuf we're made of. You may sneer at that faith, but in it stately shadow every man that's worthy of the name ha to do his living! Let it slip, and a very hell's broth o trouble begins to brew. Hold it fast, and a glory is bor in the earth.

And mark you—it's Jesus of Nazareth and no other who has snatched to its feet this central gallantry o human life which is the human soul—"the grace of ou Lord Jesus Christ."

We have to begin with that if we are ever under th sun to get anywhere!

II

And then we have to assume a universe that back o all its changing moods is friendly. That's the second point. "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God." There you have it: faith in the endless capacities of the human soul, and faith in the underlying friendliness of the world we live in. There's no doing without that long. Oh, I suppose we can afford a little irreligion on this point as on the other—some few denials, a cackle or two of laughter, and a moderate pile of statistics thrown over against it, but life can't afford a great deal of irreligion on either of them. If the tide of unbelief should ever rise high enough to sweep clean away man's ultimate confidence in man, and his final trust in the essential goodness and meaningfulness of creation—well, I have no doubt we'd still go on talking of life, but after a bit there wouldn't be any that you'd want to buy with a brass farthing!

To build anything long, with any firmness, from a democratic state to a decent home in the country, we've got to assume that this huge order of which we are a part is a big sight more than a half-witted grin on the face of Nothing! When Michelangelo used to carve out his statues he did it in marble, because marble would last. It had some staying qualities. He didn't put together a lot of sand on the seashore and then spend his talents on that.

If this world of ours is just walking around in circles like an idiot for its doom, if it's positively hostile, or if it's really indifferent to us—then there isn't any great encouragement anywhere, is there, for this indefatigable, undisheartened laborer called man?

The fact is, we live by our faith in the world, and not by our doubts. That's all that saves us. No end of smart people poke fun at the friendliness which we profess to find at the bottom of all created things, as we go about looking for a Face, and calling life's deep neighborliness "the love of God"! They poke fun at it; but nobody much pays any attention to them. They insist that human beings are just robots, growing from the inside out, and producing other little robots; but if they themselves should ever come upon such a conception as that in a storybook, they would smile and shrug their shoulders and dismiss it as a fantasy! They keep telling us that honor and justice and mercy are so much jargon in a world as unresponsive to such nonsense as a granite hitching-post is to the befuddled hum of insects on a summer's day. But they do not convince many.

We go on assuming that good lies nearer the heart of the world than evil, and that somehow something is

being done about it down here. We skillfully plant that fixed pillar in the chaos—not in any effort to swallow the universe, which would be bad for our logical digestion; but to keep the universe from swallowing us. "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord." You may say you don't believe that; but you live by it! Because you were born to live by it! And tomorrow morning you'll go ahead and do the best you can on the basis of it, with a strange and haunting suspicion that life matters and you matter and the world does make some sort of permanent sense.

We are told that Goya, the artist, aged and in exile at Bordeaux, would ask people in the cafes to drop three crumbs at random on a piece of paper; and that then,

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however remote and awkwardly separated these might be, he never failed to draw a figure with its head and hands where the crumbs had been. "The love of God." It's the only thing under heaven that binds all the inconsistencies, the bitter irrelevancies of the world together, and forces them into a single pattern that doesn't offend the mind. And the pattern is a head that is crowned with thorns, and hands with nail-prints in them.

So Dante, viewing from the vantage point of eternity his own life of exile and unrelieved misery, calls it a "sweet harmony" played on some mighty organ. And the apostle, looking around on tribulation and distress, on nakedness and famine and peril and persecution and sword, speaks of a "pageant of triumph," and drawing himself up to his full height nails his flag to the mast: "If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

"The love of God." That fixed pillar too we must have, or we are no men in a ridiculous world!

III

And now this other: "the communion of the Holy Ghost." Somewhere near the core and center of that phrase I think is the faith that in this life of ours there is a fellowship with the Spirit of God which among other things keeps all human ideals alive. I know of nothing else that could have done that. You don't need to be told how easily a man can lose all the ideals he ever had. The very passing of the years sometimes is enough of itself to dull their glory. Thousands of them come to nothing—exactly nothing, or so it seems. And almost all the people you meet along the way will tell you how foolish they are. Ideals! Until at last you are willing—or you would be, if there were not Someone who won't let you!—to sit down and counsel all youthful lives everywhere against such folly.

But there is that Strange Man on a cross and he won't allow it now. Just a handful of people saw him die. Their dreams died with him. Then on a queer day, with what seemed like the sound of a rushing, mighty wind, the dreams were alive again. It wasn't simply that hope springs eternal in the human breast. Peter at least was confident that much more was going on than that. "This it is," said he, "which was spoken by the prophet Joel; and it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men—no longer living, as young men do, in the present—shall see visions, and your old men—no longer living, as old men do, in the past—shall dream dreams."

I do not believe that since then humanity could have stood alone and held on to its dreams if God had left it to itself. You couldn't have stood alone if God had left you! There have been too many disappointments, too many wretched disillusionments along the road for anybody to suppose now without God that there is anything in dreams.

I heard of one disillusionment not long ago, put with all the bitter irony of life. Dick Sheppard—some of you will remember his book, *The Impatience of a Parson* and his great ministry at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, there on Trafalgar Square in London; he was here in America and told of a lad who was shot through the neck in the World War and died in his arms. The last words the poor chap spoke were about the child his wife was soon to bear him. "If it's a boy," he whispered, "I'm glad he won't have to go through this. This is a war—to end war—isn't it?" And Dick Sheppard comforted him, saying—because he believed it too—"Yes, yes—a war to end war!"

Today the child that was born is just twenty years old, dressed in a soldier's uniform, drilling somewhere in England! In God's name, isn't that enough to kill a dream? And the answer—here is the marvel of all marvels—the answer is "No!" It's not enough to kill a dream—not while the Spirit of God is abroad in the earth! We're building yet on this—this offchance of God that we are not all going down in foolish ruin. If some of us do—why then, with sweat and tears, the

others will build again! For you see, it isn't the ideal that lives—it's God, and the dream in his great heart, his dream of the world and of you!

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost." I wonder if you see any more clearly now how that ancient doctrine of the Trinity, because it was first an experience, still conserves and interprets the most immediately valuable of all the truths that undergird our life: faith through Christ in the human soul; our belief in a friendly world held fast in a Father's love; and this knowledge—which no failure can ever betray, that you and I may turn back now into the thick of things, and even if the vision tarry, we can wait for it there with quiet eyes; for it will come: and it will not be late!

Life's Unearned Increment

By Robert S. Miller

And what have you got that you have not been given? I Corinthians 4:7 (Goodspeed).

SINCE we are celebrating Thanksgiving day—a day around which clusters considerable history—we may with propriety recall an incident of the past. Instead of turning to New England with its more familiar happenings we turn for the moment to the early history of New York City.

In the year 1783 there came to that city a youth of twenty years who had been born and reared in the little village of Waldorf, Germany, where his father was a butcher. This youth was unhappy in his parental environment and decided to migrate to America. It is reported that his first job in America was that of peddling cakes for baker Diedrich. A short time thereafter he got another job in the fur store of Mr. Browne where he was kept busy beating furs to prevent the ravages of moths. Here in this fur store the young man met and talked with the Indians who came there to do business and before very long he began to do business on his own account. He was industrious and thrifty and soon became identified with a trade in animal pelts that reached as far as what is now the state of Oregon.

The money accumulated in the fur business soon went into other investments. New York, though destined to become one of the foremost cities of the world, was then little more than a small town. The whole of Manhattan Island had been purchased from the Indians in the previous century for the stupendous sum of twenty-four dollars, which in those days amounted to about a dollar per square mile. The young man in question had become worldly-wise and observed that New York was growing rapidly and was destined to become a great city. He therefore proceeded to buy large tracts of land on Manhattan Island even though at that time they were far beyond the city limits. For $25,000 he purchased a farm which was later to be the site of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. This same farm, so it is reported, later rose in value a thousand fold. In the year 1929 the estate that had been passed on by this young man whose name happened to be John Jacob Astor was said to be worth in round numbers $500,000,000. And so the Astor family became one of the richest and largest landowning families of America and the world.

WEALTH A RESULT OF CIRCUMSTANCES

This circumstance is quite pertinent to our purpose today. It will be plain to all that such a fortune could not be acquired in one lifetime simply by working for wages, unless wages should prove very much higher than they have been for most people. Mr. Astor did not earn this huge amount of money as most of us understand the meaning of that word. It was more exactly the result of an interesting combination of circumstances. The great value represented in this instance was due in large measure to forces independent of Mr. Astor. True enough, he owned the farms and real estate on Manhattan Island, but not until people began to live in large numbers near to Mr. Astor's property did its value begin to multiply. Here we meet what in economics is spoken of as the "unearned increment." It is a term applied to that part of the value of land created by the growth and development of the community as a whole.

I think of farms near the city of my birth which at one time could have been bought very cheaply. But as time went on their value increased out of all proportion to other farms in the surrounding country. A number of things happened to bring this about. Some enterprising citizen, perchance, had built a beautiful home on a farm site and immediately other people began to think of the possibilities of a country home. Ere long, farms that were once sold by the acre were sold in lots. Good roads were built to connect them with the city. Water and electric light were made accessible. Attractive schools and churches were built near by. Probably most of us of mature age have seen this sort of thing happen. The unearned increment in these instances was the increased value of surrounding property resulting from the enterprise of other people. These additional values were not earned so much as they were waited for, and accepted without work.

Now just as there is this something which we call the "unearned increment" in the realm of economics, so may we find its counterpart in the wide ranges of life as a whole. Before we venture to express an unkind judgment upon any who have so singularly enjoyed the benefits of the unearned increment from property it is well to remember that something like this has happened in the life of every one of us. In a broad sense we all exemplify in one way or another the principle of the unearned increment. The apostle Paul stated it in his own way when in writing a letter to his friends in the Corinthian church he said, "What have you got that you have not been given?" How many things in your life have been made possible by the work of others?

OUR LIVES MADE BY OTHERS

As long as we think of the things which we have as of our own making, we shall feel little disposition to be thankful. Instead of viewing life from the standpoint of the apostle who asked, "What have you got that you

have not been given?" we feel much more disposed to ask, "What have I got that I did not earn? What good is there in life except that good for which I am directly responsible?" I should not be so foolish as to overlook the place of individual effort as a means to an abundant life, but what I am contending for is the fact of good that can never be measured by individual effort alone.

By their very attitude some people deny that there is an unearned increment in their life. They take all that life has to offer them and still ask for more without stopping to realize that had they been as dependent upon themselves as they suppose they would be reduced to an astounding poverty. You and I may never know the unearned increment of a piece of property, but be

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very sure—you and I have known it at some other point.

Let us begin with this. I should say that we have known the unearned increment in the forms of favors and helpful services bestowed upon us by those with whom we live most intimately day after day.

Mr. C. F. Andrews, that beloved Englishman, in one of his later books tells of an incident that befell him when he was but a boy of six years of age. He nearly lost his life as the result of an acute attack of rheumatic fever which came on suddenly and brought with it days and nights of pain. For almost six months the extreme violence of his suffering could not be brought under control.

"The fever racked me," he says, "and only the untiring devotion and care of my dear mother carried me through. Because of this long illness we were brought very close together with an ever-deepening understanding, for she would feel my pain as if it were her very own, and she alone knew how to soothe it. If it came afresh, and I could hardly bear it any longer, she would be at my bedside in a moment, with her comforting touch. One incident is perhaps most significant of all, slight though it was in character. At least it is the one event which has clung most vividly to my own mind and can easily be recalled. For long months together my spirit had been hovering between life and death and I had almost lost the desire to live. Then one morning when I opened my eyes, I noticed a flower by my bedside which my mother had put there while I was asleep, hoping that it would attract my attention when I awoke. It so happened that the sight of that flower proved the turning point in the struggle that had been going on within me, and drawing me back to life, for its beauty touched me with a rare joy. It brought with it the desire to live, when life itself was hanging by a slender thread."

A mother's devotion, a flower placed by the bedside, the turning point in the struggle for life! Simple causes! Significant effects! Yet unless I read badly the story of human experience that is the way much of our daily life is enriched.

LIFE'S EVERYDAY GIFTS

If we are honest with ourselves, we shall probably have to admit that there are times when others do not find it agreeable to be around us. The story is told that at a dinner in honor of the Pilgrims someone proposed a toast in praise of the Pilgrim mothers for having had to put up with the Pilgrim fathers. A good many kindly people have had to put up with us—with our eccentricities, with our impulsiveness, with our hasty conduct, so that as we look back over the years of life we see that we have been the beneficiaries of others' good will, friendship and faithfulness.

Or again, there is the unearned increment expressed in the contributions of good that have come to us from the wider circles of society. The late Edward A. Filene expressed this truth when he said, "Why shouldn't I give half of my money back to the people? I got it all from them." We are not simply the products of particular families; for our existence as individuals or as a social group is not unlike a strong, smoothly flowing river whose waters come from countless streams and tributaries far off in the hills and mountains. In another place the apostle Paul says: "I owe a debt both to Greeks and to foreigners, to the cultivated and the uncultivated." Anyone at all familiar with the ancient classics of Greece and Rome will hardly hesitate to say with Paul: "I owe a debt to Greeks and foreigners, to the cultivated and the uncultivated."

Surely this is one of the chief values to be derived from a study of history. The individual who has no appreciation of history, no insight into the processes by which human society has arrived at its present stage of development, is poorly prepared to understand the meaning of his own life. We are often tempted to question the character of our civilization, and there can be no doubt whatsoever that it is such as to suggest the fact of inadequacy. Our ancestors did not hand down to us a perfect social order any more than we are likely to hand one down to our children. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the defects of the civilization to which we

belong, it should never be forgotten that we are heavily indebted to the past. Paul acknowledged his obligation to the Greeks. What a wealth of thought and cultural value has come down to us from that little country! Or what should any one of us have to say if we were asked to estimate the heritage of life and truth that issued from that other little country, Palestine, whose shores are also washed by the Mediterranean?

Even the most cursory retrospect of history will move us to say, "I owe a debt to that country and to that country, to that people and to that civilization." The whole world has made me its debtor. Here is a vast increment of life and truth and understanding that many others, some of whom I shall never know, have bestowed upon me."

Consider but one single thing that in the day in which we are living deserves to be remembered here in America. That is our heritage of freedom, the thing for which the Pilgrims and others came to America. What a price has been paid for that! No wonder John Adams exclaimed: "Posterity! You will never know how much it cost the present generation to preserve your freedom. I hope you will make good use of it. If you do not, I shall repent in heaven that I ever took half the pains to preserve it." Our freedom has become a little more precious to some of us who today are living in a world where dictatorships and intolerance have become the instruments of social control. It is a day in which the thoughtless or indifferent person would do well to read or reread the history of the freedom of thought. This vast increment of human good, for such I sincerely believe it to be, has been bought with a price that we did not pay. It has been passed on to us to preserve and make even more vital in our own generation.

NATURE, GREAT GIVER OF GIFTS

Time fails the full enumeration of the increment of values contained in the religious experience of mankind, in the conquests of modern science, in the spread of education, in the developing social consciousness of this and other generations. It is all calculated to provoke a sympathy for those words of Whittier who wrote nearly a century ago:

> O sometimes gleams upon our sight
> Through present wrong the eternal right;
> And step by step, since time began,
> We see the steady gain of man.
>
> That all of good the past hath had
> Remains to make our own time glad;
> Our common, daily life divine,
> And every land a Palestine.

Yet this does not exhaust life's unearned increment. There is a world that reaches far beyond the human eye and that transcends all our thinking. Against the background of that world and of the universe we carry on the drama of our daily life. We are a part of the great scheme of things to which we give the name Nature. Of all the many creatures that have come slowly into this scheme of things, man is the last. Both Henry Drummond and Ralph Waldo Emerson have given us a graphic picture of this process which seems to anticipate the climax God achieves in his creative work. For millions of years this old world was waiting for man to arrive upon the scene; or, to put it in the more vivid language of scripture, "creation was waiting with eager longing for the sons of God to be disclosed." The earth with its storehouse of riches was at last an established fact. Here was the fertile soil ready to respond to human cultivation. Here were the minerals that only long ages could produce. With these materials at his disposal man might eventually learn how to control and improve the conditions of his daily life. He might learn to cooperate constructively with his fellows and the gates of Paradise would swing open. I do not care very much whether you describe this process in terms of purpose or result. Whatever interpretation you choose, the facts remain the same. Man in this genetic sense appears as one destined to enjoy an unearned increment, a vast wealth that he did not and never could create. It had to come out of previous forces that by their very fruits seemed to anticipate this creature called man.

ARE WE THANKFUL?

We have come to the season of harvest when the earth gives back its answer to man's labor in terms of abundance. The earth has spoken and her message is one of good will and bounty. There is only one appropriate response to all this. It is the spirit of thanksgiving, the lifting up of the heart in praise to him who has crowned the year with goodness, whose power and majesty are revealed in the glory and fullness of the year. The sun has risen on the evil and the good and the rain has been sent on the just and the unjust. We are all the children of a gracious beneficence that is spoiled only by man's own selfishness.

> A haze on the far horizon,
> The infinite, tender sky,
> The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
> And the wild geese sailing high;
> And all over upland and lowland
> The charm of the goldenrod;
> Some of us call it Autumn,
> And others call it God.

No matter what your theology may be, there is that element in life which the older theologians preferred to speak of as grace. It is an addition to all that man may do for himself and which is never quite enough to make certain his full satisfaction. Man is a debtor before God.

We cannot be honest with life and remain ungrateful. When you measure what you have you may wonder why you should be asked to give thanks. If you have paid for life's goods in terms of your own hard labor, you may wonder why life has not given you more. You may think of yourself as a creditor rather than as a debtor.

Before you have committed yourself too readily to that position examine your life a little more closely. Take note of the sources beyond and above yourself. Venture to ask, "What have I got that I have not been given?"

More of that spirit in all our human relations—in business, in religion, in government—will check the spirit of pride and selfishness, and will bind us and our fellows in the tasks of a high faith and purpose.

Destroying the Temple Of Humanity

By O. W. Buschgen

What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground. Genesis 4:10.

SEVERAL months ago there came this dispatch from Osaka, Japan: "The magnificent Temple of Humanity was sold under the auctioneer's hammer today to furnish scrap-iron for the warships of Japan's increasing navy. The edifice was sold for $150 to an Osaka scrap merchant who will dismantle it and sell the metal. Three thousand iron dealers flocked to the temple, bidding in the hope they could resell the massive framework to the navy for a substantial profit." Certainly this incident is worthy of more than passing reflection.

THE WRECKAGE OF WORSHIP

Only humanity is older than its temples. The history of humanity could not be written without writing also a history of its temples. All of the ancient temples are gone: the Parthenon in Athens, Zeus at Olympia, Apollo at Delphi, Karnak in Egypt. The Temple of Diana, one of the seven wonders of the world, is a croaking ground for the frogs of Ephesus. The three temples of Jerusalem have been destroyed. All have fallen before the impious invaders and their ancient defenders have been killed with the sword.

War has always been a desecrator of sacred places and a destroyer of those defending them. Destruction of temples is no new thing. Sacred vessels of gold and silver have ever been the object of the soldiers' plunder. Bells that were cast for the glory of Jehovah and the proclamation of peace are recast for the glory of Mars and the tumult of war. Bells that called Christians to worship call soldiers to war. One hundred thousand Christian bells ushered in the massacre of the Huguenots in France.

Metal roofs that sheltered the pious are robbed of their metal that it may hurl death and destruction upon those who call upon the God of battles to fight on their side. Priceless stained glass windows depicting scenes of peace and prayer are stripped of their lead which is cast into bullets to be poured into the tender warm bodies of joyful youth to satisfy some country's lust for land or some politician's pressure for power. Bells and roofs and windows have been sacrificed in other days, but in this day whole temples go on the block to be sold to the highest bidder.

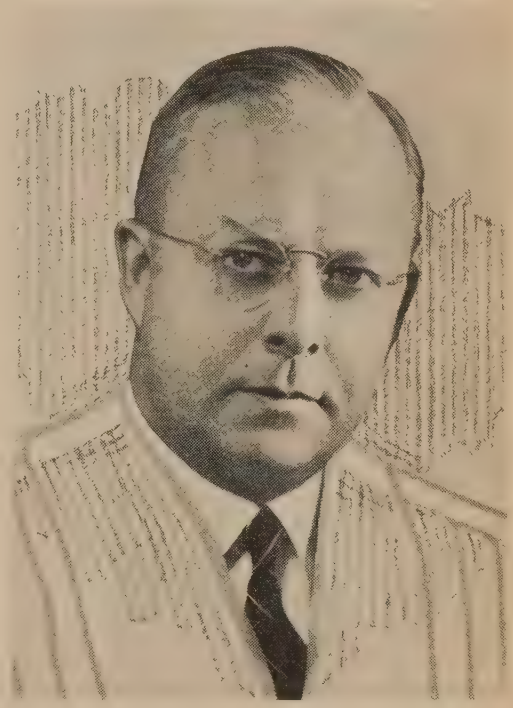
HOW MUCH AM I BID?

Wanton destruction is tragic in any realm. The destruction of the Temple of Humanity in Osaka, Japan, brings tears to the eyes of the faithful and sorrow to the lovers of the beautiful but that tragedy is insignificant compared to the greater havoc wrought by war. Not only is the Temple of Humanity in Osaka being destroyed to build up a fighting machine but the Temple of Humanity in every part of the world is on the auction block, with the auctioneer crying: "How much am I bid? Going—going—third and last call—" for the glory of dictators, despots and devils. Humanity in its broadest as well as its narrowest sense is ravished by war. It will take centuries to recoup for arts and science what has been destroyed in physical, mental and spiritual treasure by the ravages of war.

The progress of humanity is measured by impulses resisted and not by impulses obeyed. Human nature in the raw obeys every impulse.

Warfare, ancient and modern, is the record of impulses running wild.

Whatever war may have done to the human race in the past, it is quite generally agreed that we "haven't seen anything yet." Everything that modern science has



O. W. Buschgen

in its laboratories and warehouses will be displayed on the shelves of diabolical war. No formula will be too costly and no trick too devilish to be purchased by the highest bidder. Where, in other days, the dead have been counted by millions on the field of battle and behind the lines, in the days ahead they will be numbered by tens of millions. Where in other days the slaughter has been largely confined to the belligerents, in the days to come the innocent will be the great sufferers. "What hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

Every nation that is in the war game aggressively, or in self-defense, is taking part in the destruction of the Temple of Humanity—the human race. Our own new battleships will have 16-inch guns because, so they say, Japan will not cut down the size of hers. (Just why Japan would not limit the caliber of her guns we now know, to our great consternation!) And again we say, sadly, "What hast thou done?"

(1) War destroys the plausible theory of humanity. This theory is best expressed in the term "the brotherhood of man." Steady progress in the development of that theory has been made throughout the centuries. Modern science has spanned the gulf of time and space and has brought us nearer to one another. The progress of Christianity with the application of the spirit of Jesus to human problems has been a significant factor in molding this conception of brotherhood. The theory of humanity has been in the process of becoming a fact in every part of the world. The thought of George Moore, "After all there is but one race—humanity," is well on the way to realization. War destroys that theory. "What hast thou done?"

(2) War destroys also the constructive toil of humanity. What can restore that labor of humanity which has produced cities and temples and ships and pictures and music and books and all that goes into the sum total of what makes up civilization! All go when a shell comes screaming from the skies. All go when its poison fumes creep through every crevice. The farmer's toil does not allay the famine. The surgeon's skill does not appease the pestilence. The fireman's stream does not pacify the raging fury of the flames. The gravediggers have gone to war and there is no one to make the graves! Dig a pit and throw them in. The preachers have gone to war to pray for success. All that humanity and civilization have built up goes down in war. "What hast thou done?"

TRUST AND FAITH PERISH WITH WAR

(3) War destroys the commendable traits of humanity. Amid all the varied impulses that beat within the breast of man there are the laudable traits of tenderness, compassion and good will. In the midst of the fury of the charge in a famous battle a lad was seen to stagger and as he fell he cried, "O my God!" Another dropped and his dying word was "Mother!" A third fell and as they carried him to the dressing station and put him on the operating table he turned to the nurse and said, "Kiss me." War is more than long lines of trenches—it is long lines of life-loving boys thinking of "God" and "mother" and a "kiss."

It is because humanity is the Temple of God that the wrath of God will descend upon those who destroy that temple. The tender lad fresh from his mother's arms who in bayonet practice is taught to "put more hate into it" soon loses the trait of tenderness. The citizen whose sleep is disturbed at the thought of the suffering of his neighbor loses that compassion in the midst of the unspeakable hatred in no man's land. The churchmember who singing "Faith of our Fathers" fervently vows, "We will love both friend and foe in all our strife," loses every trace of good will for the enemy when charging with his fellows into the face of that enemy who would destroy him and them. War destroys the commendable traits of humanity. "What hast thou done?"

(4) War destroys the sublime trust of humanity. Trust is faith, and faith in humanity is the most hopeful factor of history. It is just as hopeful as the removal of mountains and the changing of leopards' skins which takes place every day. Oscar Wilde flings a thought to us out of a prison window:

> Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
> By each let this be heard.
> Some do it with a bitter look,
> Some with a flattering word.
> The coward does it with a kiss,
> The brave man with a sword.

It is the glory of war to kill and destroy. We read nothing about the number of miles flown by the air force over enemy territory but we do hear much of the number of enemy planes brought down. We read nothing of deep sea explorations of the submarines but much of tons of shipping destroyed and casualties affected. We read nothing of muscles developing and health restored by those who march with the infantry but much of the maimed and killed and lost—those so completely blown to pieces that they could not be counted.

The business of civilization is normally carried on by mutual trust in a world of men. A clasp of the hand across the table is enough. Credit is established and business is carried on by faith. War destroys that trust in humanity. Hands stretched across the seas are withdrawn empty. Money is lost. Credit is denied. As it was a violated scrap of paper that started the World War, so it becomes a violated scrap of paper that breaks our faith in humanity. War does that. Suspicion, distrust and jealousy take the place of confidence and mutual faith. "What hast thou done?"

(5) War destroys the laudable triumphs of humanity. The triumph of humanity has been its victories over the invincible powers of unconquerable forces. Wordsworth meditates on "hearing often the still sad music of humanity." If sad music is the music of humanity it is because humanity mourns the loss of its frontiers.

It is always a tragedy when an individual or an institution or a nation has lost its frontiers—when there are no more worlds to conquer, no more barriers to cross, no more stately mansions to build "as the swift seasons roll."

IDEALISM STILL LIVES

It is always a triumph when a man or a machine levels mountains. It is always a conquest when a highway is blazed through a forest. It is always a victory when a new bridge spans a great gulf. Highways and bridges take their toll of lives, but humanity advances. Willingness to sacrifice for the good of all has been one of the noblest characteristics of humanity. Desire to construct has ever been an outstanding attribute of a Christianized civilization.

Betrayal did not destroy the fine idealism that was so vibrant with fervent emotion during the first year of our participation in the World War. Betrayal merely discouraged its display. The idealism is still regnant deep in the heart of humanity—a spark can make it glow again. Applied Christianity is that spark. Another generation has nearly extinguished it. To rekindle it will be the task of a younger generation—a generation that has the handicap of having inherited all the mistakes of its fathers but that has the heart, we believe, to be loyal to its innate idealism.

> Humanity with all its fears,
> With all the hopes of future years,
> Is hanging breathless on thy fate.

Thankful Nevertheless

By Clarence W. Kemper

Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say, Rejoice. Philippians 4:4.

The things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel. Philippians 1:12.

SO ran the words of the great Apostle, who had lived deeply. Obviously it expresses real life. A singing heart is the characteristic of one who had found his way into the realities of living. Shallow, cheap, trivial living may do without it, but not great living. The mood of gratitude and rejoicing is the possession of one who has arrived at that level of experience which we may call with positive assurance real life.

Much of life is on a level of natural response of gratitude and rejoicing. It is seen in the face of a little child and registers in his gleeful dancing and clapping of hands upon the return of his parents. Or again when fond parents look into the face of their first-born they are radiant with rejoicing and gratitude fills the very atmosphere.

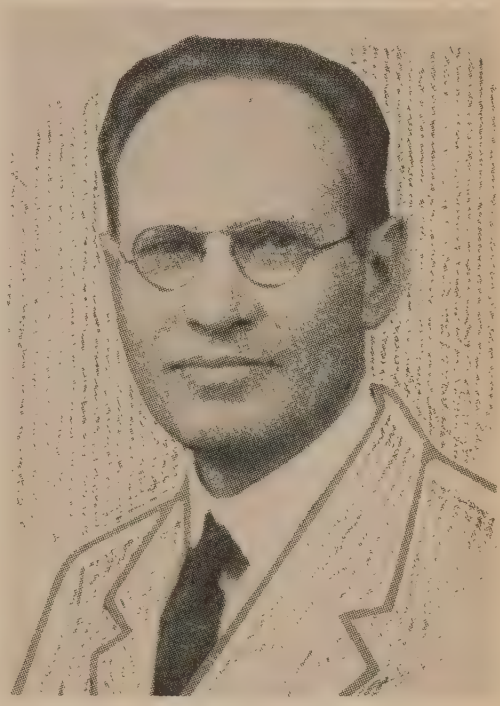
If one has a sensitive spirit one cannot live amid the beauties of nature without a singing heart. Among fertile fields and fruitful valleys we are reminded of the goodness of God. Beside the sea we stand listening to the endless pounding of the waves as they break upon the beach while our imaginations leap to greet the Eternal Spirit who slumbers not in the ceaseless night-watch. Often have we stood upon the lofty peaks of the Rockies which lift their snow caps into the blue sky and our minds turn to the remark of the man whose telescope swept the heavens as he said: "This is too wonderful and august! You cannot shake hands with this."

How the World Has Progressed

Recently we drove through the misnamed "Bad Lands" of South Dakota. They should have been called "Wonder Lands." The sky was marvelously blue, and round and round we drove, now to the rim and again to the floor of this amazing formation, while we gazed away at towers, minarets and palaces etched by nature against the sky. In such surroundings one is compelled to have a singing heart. Not to do so would condemn one as lacking the elemental responses to the wonders of God in nature. Earth and sea and sky clap their hands in praise of their Creator. Is it surprising that man is an instinctive worshiper? Were he not, it would be a terrible commentary on him. And when he silences this instinct he has done something terrible to his highest self.

We are not dealing with that philosophy of sleek contentment known as "inevitable progress" with which we were all bitten in the pre-war days. Surely, we have suffered enough in the last twenty-three years to have cured us of that. But we may well rejoice in the fact that one after another the enemies of man have been laid low, and we are not in very contented moods to abide the others.

Looking back we wonder how such monstrous evils were endured. Human slavery, imprisonment for debt, serfdom, men as pawn of monarchs, dueling, diseases that swept away whole populations, poverty unspeakable —these have traditionally cursed man and are today for the most part under foot. May it not be that at some future time our descendants will view our day in retrospect and will have outgrown the evils that curse us today? For our poverty is unnecessary and our diseases are all but curable. We are now being told that there is enough skill and machinery and capital in America to give an income of $4,000 to every family, but we are told on the other hand, that 72 per cent of our people live below a good standard of living. The poet, Edwin



Clarence W. Kemper

Markham, states the increasing conviction of our day for which we give thanks:

> We are all blind until we see,
> That in the human plan,
> Nothing is worth the making if
> It does not make the man.

And there is a positive, radiant, rejoicing spirit which goes out to encounter the foe and has learned how to keep on singing when much is lost. Surely, our disillusioned, cynical and often despairing spirits of this hour need to learn this.

Though He Slay Me, Yet——

We must remember that this man of our text is the same man who with his friend, Silas, sang in prison at midnight. He was in chains when he wrote, "Again, I will say, Rejoice." He had thoroughly learned the relation of the words "though" and "yet." Hear him: "*Though* our outward man is decaying, *yet* our inward man is renewed day by day."

Or, again, Job gives expression to the same dauntless

loyalty in response to his cynical friends and poor comforters who advised him to curse God and die: "*Though* he slay me, *yet* will I serve him." He was determined to be "loyal to the royal that was within him." How many have needed to learn and live by this in recent years! Alas, many who had only "fair weather" faith have been engulfed by disasters which came upon them like a mighty flood. How splendid when seeming disaster served only to make glorious living shine with more luster! There is the story of the young man crippled from his birth, entering a midwestern college. His professor asked him to stand up to recite. "I would be glad to do so," said he calmly, "but I am crippled and have never stood upon my feet in my life." Four years later on Commencement day his friends carried him to the platform to receive his diploma accompanied by such an ovation as none had ever received in that college. He too was testifying, "Again I will say, Rejoice."

It is said that the greatest bell ever molded never rang. In 1733 in Moscow, a bell twenty-one feet high and twenty-two feet in diameter, weighing over four hundred thousand pounds, was cast. When it was hung it broke from its placement. A seven-foot hole was ripped in the side. In 1836 it was placed on a platform for a house of worship. The broken hole changed the bell to a chapel and became the door through which the worshipers entered. Spoiled yet serving; defeat turned into success; the useless made useful; "though" defeated, "yet" victorious; thankful nevertheless!

THE PEACE OF JESUS

Of all who have lived in our world, in none was this truth better exemplified than in the life of our lord. To be misunderstood by the people of his community and church was too much. To be thus misunderstood by his disciples and "inner circle" seemed tragic. But so to be held at distance by his own household was beyond words. Concerning such he remarked in infinite sympathy and protection: "Let these go their way," and "My peace I leave with you." He walked his "sorrowful way" alone, for then as now his disciples slept while he was in "travail of soul." He had talked much of the Kingdom of God, but what hopes were there for this kingdom when all the first citizens of it had fled? Yet he who traveled his Gethsemane with "strong crying and tears" spoke in his last words this victorious affirmation, "It is finished."

What wonder his great follower could say, "Rejoice in the Lord alway; again I say, Rejoice." "For though" the tide may be against us, "yet" with our Master in the boat we can outride the storm. Thankful nevertheless!

Dr. Leslie Weatherhead tells of his family being awakened by a loud noise in the dead of night. Starting for his little son's room, he found the electric current off. Picking up his flashlight he started for his room, but reflected that his boy might be terrified by the flash in the dark. Turning the flash upon his own face, the lad awakened, looked into the face of his father, and all was well. "For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Those who have learned this best are able to say, "Thankful nevertheless."

Ten Million Laugh

By Robert MacGimsey

ON November 11, 1936, I stood with bared hea amid the throng that waited before the tomb the Unknown Soldier. The nation's spokesman ha finished his eloquent Armistice day address. Stiff lin of soldiers stood at attention for the final salute guns. The hushed multitude with heads half bowe listened intently to the last echoes of taps dying awa across the hills, and every mind seemed to follow th fading bugle notes to the brink of eternity itself. the silence that followed a strange yet appealing soun came to my ears. It was not one last return of a bug note. It was not the orator's phrases resoundin through the memory; nor the firing of guns, nor th rumbling of unseen drums. It was the voice of a bo speaking quietly from the tomb:

"Eighteen years have I been lying here," he sai "They chose me for this white marble sepulcher becaus I was mutilated beyond recognition. You people com here each year and utter words—words—words, bu when will you fulfill your promises made to me and t ten million other boys dead?"

There was no bitterness in the voice. It came fort slowly and earnestly like that of a young singer vibran with hope, yet filled with the pathos that clutches boy's throat when his ideals are defeated—but not los

"You promised that the war we fought was to en war; was to bring peace and freedom, democracy an happiness. Is it because my eyes were shot out in th Argonne that I cannot *see* that there are no longer va armies ready again to shoot and stab one another as w did? Is it because while sightless crawling back to ou trenches, I was stabbed through the heart that I ca not now *feel* the throb of love and brotherhood existin between nations? Is it because a hand grenade ex ploded and tore the brain from my skull that I canno now *understand* that peace has been established in th world and that war will be no more? Did our fightin actually make the world a better place in which t live?"

* * *

The boy was speaking softly—as though he migh stop at any moment. People seemed to lean forward i an effort to hear his words. A pause—then the voic resumed more distinctly.

"Once on a dark night I saw a man hold aloft burning torch, and colored moths attracted by its beaut winged their way into its consuming flames. I sav leaders of the world hold up before the eyes of idealisti youth a light which they called 'Honor'—'Justice'— 'Love of country,' and millions of boys lured by its ray marched forth into a hell of poison gas, fire and shel

"We who lie here in the earth know the truth at last for our spirits can look into the minds of those wh sent us out to fight, and we see that peace, honor an justice were not their aims. We know now that thei hearts were filled with hatreds, jealousies, fears an ambitions which were fanned into flames by men wh schemed to sell armaments for the fight. It is all ver plain now. They needed *boys* to use up their products Boys!" he repeated. "O God! It does seem incredible

but even statesmen owned stock in those munition companies, and every time we pulled a trigger, a coin dropped into their pockets. They know how many millions of dollars were received from the munitions we consumed in killing one another. Powerful generals, whose headquarters were purposely spared from bombardment through reciprocal agreement with the foe, knew that attacks were so planned that mines and factories of enemy munition makers would not be destroyed; for to have destroyed them would have brought the war and profit-making to an early end. We were the victims of powerful systems run by unscrupulous men.

"When I was a lad I knew a boy who got into many quarrels with his playmates, because he had two brothers whom he could call upon to do his fighting. Finally his brothers told him he would have to do his own fighting, and from that day he contrived to live agreeably with his fellows. Wars are precipitated by the quarrels of men who realize that they themselves are beyond draft age."

* * *

Statesmen and politicians shifted from one foot to the other, each breathing in quick, jerky gasps like a sneak thief breathes when caught in the pantry.

"In school I was taught," the voice continued, "that 'heathen' countries offer up their children on the altar because they think such sacrifices win the favor of their gods. Somehow, we were not told that *our own* nations send their sons to kill one another to gratify national prides and selfish ambitions. We never thought to ask why it is that being 'civilized' entitles a nation to kill innocent people in the name of 'right' and confiscate the property of a defeated country in the name of 'justice.' The proud nations of the earth who boast loudest of their 'national honor' are the guilty ones who do this most. They think it seemly to come this day to the graves of their mutilated sons whom they destroyed and attempt to justify themselves and glorify a practice which is lower than savagery. To us, the dead, it seems that nations would be a little too ashamed of the whole thing to call attention to it. That they are not ashamed makes it plain that the greatest harm of war is not to those who are killed, but to those who live on thinking that killing is *right*.

"Far from any feeling of repentance, you leaders even use this day to play further upon the emotions of unsuspecting people to promote your own ambitions, and in this unsuspecting hour sow the seeds of future wars in the minds of men that they may be deceived into another slaughter.

"If the dead have no power to dissuade you from this course, then in God's name at least tell them the truth about why you send them out to die. Let them know that wars are for *money, possessions* and *power*. Do not degrade the ideals of your youths by telling them 'the flag has been insulted,' 'the nation's honor has been besmirched'—to induce them to bear arms sold at a profit. These are the lies you told *us*. Come out in the open and be frank with your sons. Tell them of the whole ugly 'racket' hidden behind war, and give them their choice to support it or reject it.

"But alas, perhaps I should not say anything. I am only a soldier; and soldiers have no right to think or speak anyhow. I have violated regulations. Go back to your homes. And one year from today come back, again with your words and your wreaths, and put on your pageant. Tell me as always to 'sleep well,' to 'rest in peace,' and then as now, ten millions of us—dead—will look up at you and laugh—through our tears."

The crowd had gone—and three little boys who had lingered behind with military hats and toy guns were marching across the lawn like soldiers.

A Pastoral Prayer

By Richard K. Morton

DESCEND upon us, O Spirit of God, and fellowship with us, making real for us Thy presence and giving voice within us to Thy word. O Spirit of Love, purge us of all hatred and unbrotherliness. O Spirit of Truth, instruct our minds. O Spirit of Light, illumine our hearts.

O Thou Creator of the universe, create in us an obedient will and an aspiration toward the highest. O Thou Father in heaven who sent unto us Thy Son, be incarnate also in us.

Through Thy guidance, love and wisdom, help us to be aware of the conflicts, problems and doubts of our day and to face them with empowered faith. Give our thought of Thee a foundation of historic perspective, and our service for Thee the flame of personal experience and impassioned brotherhood. Amid the hesitancy, irresponsibility and doubt of today, imbue us with the spirit of assurance and venturesomeness. Amid the changes of the time, make available to us unchanging principles and forces. Amid the warlikeness of the hour, the social unrest of the peoples, the crying burdens and shames of the day, guide us gradually and wisely toward a day of peace and right, as we make workable and significant to our age the principles of Jesus.

Where we are in bonds of our own making, O God, free us through Thy mercy. Where we have become empty because of the unfruitfulness of selfishness and the delusions of doubt, fill us with Thy transforming, empowering gospel of love, service and sacrifice. Where we have grown weak, aid us with Thy strength, and when we are pursued by evils and temptations, be Thou our refuge. When we are wayward, set us in the right path, and when we falter, lift us up.

Be Thou our guide, O God, in time of bewilderment, our light in time of darkness, our comforter in time of sorrow.

Renew religion in our lives, O God, and unite us in a way of life that is keenly conscious of Thy rule and Thy kingdom and anxious for their realization through the Church of Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior. Amen.

The Liberal Minister in the Conservative Church

By William Henry Boddy

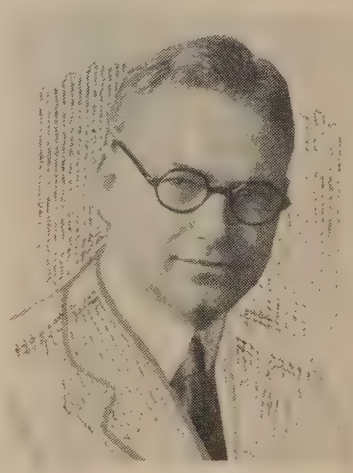
IN these days of social change and tension, how can the liberal minister maintain his position in a conservative congregation? By "liberal" is meant one who accepts the results of literary and historical criticism of the Bible, who thinks of the discoveries of science as a further revelation of God's ways and work, and who, withal, is profoundly dissatisfied with the functioning of our present social and economic institutions because of the terrible human wastage entailed. The problem of theological liberalism is no longer generally acute. Perhaps most churches are willing at least to put up with independent doctrinal thinking—and some welcome it—if the spirit and character of the minister are such as to testify to an inner personal relationship with Christ. At any rate, a theological progressive will seldom find himself the minister of a congregation which is overwhelmingly traditionally-minded in theological outlook. It is in the matter of social ethics and the interpretation of Christ's teachings as they have to do with complex human relationships where the tension occurs and often becomes acute.

● *Social Gospel Must Spring From Religion*

There is no sure strategy that may be suggested to the minister who finds himself in such a situation. Sometimes all that he can do is to seek a more favorable climate—that is, if he is so much a man that he cannot tone down his convictions in the interest of his personal comfort. And yet the fact remains that in many congregations not known for their liberalism, socially-minded ministers are working successfully, if not always happily, and there is real evidence that they are widening the horizons of their people and quickening their sense of justice.

1. One who would persuade men and women in the name of religion to believe in social ideals that are disturbing to the status quo must first have made himself felt in his congregation as a religious influence in those ways that his parishioners habitually think of religion. The man who in the minds of his people has become identified with disinterested goodness, one who is known to be given to prayer and inner discipline, can go farther in proclaiming disquieting ethical truth than can the spiritual "extrovert." Our people still believe, soundly enough, that religion is primarily something that God does for individual souls and if the minister's life and spirit suggests that his own soul is fertilized by communion with God and that he is in earnest about bringing other men to know God in the solitude of their souls, he is likely to get a more hospitable hearing when he preaches his gospel of social redemption.

2. The preaching that lays bare the injustices of the world and cries out for social reconstruction must be entangled in our evangelical appeal. It must be shown that it is part of our gospel and that there is a stern inevitability about its proclamation. A sermon on the cardinal doctrine of Christ's divinity will not all have to do



William Henry Boddy

with the healing of the open sores of our society. But who can handle such a theme realistically and avoid pointing out that if the Word was made flesh—that is, if the principles for which Christ lived and died, are woven into the texture of life and history—nothing can be more perilous than to build a society that ignores and rejects his principles. But we must be more than devout sociologists; our social ethic must grow out of our realistic theology.

A young university professor and his wife were discussing their minister in my presence. The lady was not wholly satisfied with the preaching of her pastor. Her husband said, "But you must admit that our minister makes religion a thing of the earth and every day." And after a thoughtful moment his wife replied, "Yes, I know he does. And I think that's what is the matter. He makes it *only* a thing of the earth and every day, and I want that. But I want, too, some glint of far-off horizons." A valid criticism of preaching it seems to me.

● *Condemning Sin in Kindly Spiri*

3. The spirit in which we preach wil have much to do with whether we ge an open-minded hearing. The ministe must love his people before he under takes to preach truth that searche the social premises upon which they ar building their lives. Indeed, he woul better love them before God upon hi knees. And surely he must feel him self part of the sins he condemns. H must always seem to say, "This is th situation. What shall *we* do?" Th preacher of the social principles of th gospel must first be a penitent bearin upon his heart the carelessness an cruelty of the order to which he be longs.

A friend told me of a man whom h loved but who came to him and tol him that he was about to leave th church. The pastor was greatly dis turbed for he knew his friend to b open-minded and tolerant even whe in disagreement with his pasto "Why," he said, "are you going t take your membership elsewhere?" "I is not," said his parishioner, "that object to what you say; it is the man ner in which you say it. For instance every time you refer to the D.A.R. o the American Legion there is a snee in your voice." Said his friend, "Don' leave yet. Let me see if the accusatio is true." And later he said, "I listene for the sneer, but it was no sneer. I was a snarl!"

Then, too, if the minister has reache ethical conclusions far in advance o his people, he must not expect that the will go the whole distance with him a once. He did not reach that place him self in a day. He would better b content if he can see his people movin in the right direction step by step. And of course, he must himself be an open minded inquirer. Nothing is more fata than a pontifical attitude when dealin with social and economic theory. On would better remember Cromwell' word to his ministers, "I beseech yo by the bowels of Christ, remember yo may be mistaken."

● *Creating an Atmospher For Reform*

4. Practical ways of making know the ethical implications of our gospe will occur to all. The pulpit declara tion will be greatly strengthened i within the congregation there hav

been built up groups of younger people who are studying international relations, who are looking into the matter of war and peace, and who have committed themselves to finding out the facts of any industrial strife in their own communities through interviewing both employers and employees.

The recommendation of books is often helpful. The writer persuaded a young Princeton man, who is at the head of a large business, to read Dean Gauss' *Primer for Tomorrow*. The result was that at least twenty-three Princeton men of the same business community read that stimulating book. That, in turn, lead to the suggestion of other books such as those by Soule and Laski. It was not long before some of these young men were meeting with radical labor leaders and having with them a frank discussion of their differing points of view. In our own church one of the four courses offered in our Sunday evening seminars this year is entitled, "The Crisis Comes Home." The lectures are to be given by a professor of American Government in the State University. This is merely suggestive of how one can help to create a favorable climate within his own congregation.

The liberal minister ought to cultivate his more conservative men, knowing them intimately as friends. Sometimes when the occasion is appropriate he should ask them concerning their point of view and seek to learn something of the problems they meet in their business. Often he will find to his surprise men who believe thoroughly in the objectives which are dear to his own heart and who wish just as sincerely for their realization but who do not see any practical way for their achievement. And often he will find such men correcting his own thinking.

But, on the other hand, there will always be the irreconcilables whose attitude is, "Think as I think or you can have neither my confidence nor my support." With such there is nothing to do but be kind—unfailingly kind.

● *The Freedom of the Modern Pulpit*

5. Then, it will do the minister good if he will recognize from time to time the surprising degree of freedom that is accorded to him.

In a time of acute industrial crisis in a certain city where a labor union had practically seized the authority of municipal government, a minister who preached to a number of large employers of labor urged upon them arbitration and conciliation. This, even though their antagonists were walking the streets armed with clubs and defying any vehicle to use the streets without a permit from the union. The minister did not find agreement, and in some cases he met sharp criticism. But on the whole, he was given a thoughtful hearing and the people continued to support him and his church. At the same time to have arisen in a labor union hall and differed as decidedly with the strike leaders as did this preacher with the congregation would have meant being thrown out upon the street. This was admitted by one of the labor leaders with whom the matter was later discussed.

There is not too much freedom anywhere—in church, or university class room, and certainly not in the executive council of such liberal political parties as, for instance, the Farmer-Labor organization. We who are in the Christian pulpit ought to appreciate, vocally, the liberty we have in the church and, of course, to let it be known that for us without such liberty the great business of preaching would be impossible.

● *Beware, However, of Compromise!*

6. I hope nothing I have said seems to suggest that kind of diplomacy which is compromise, or the preaching of one's social convictions in such a manner that the conservative will never discover that one differs from him in point of view. Above all, the preacher must be courageous. More men fail because of pitiful prudence than because of high adventure. To be privately a liberal and publicly a conservative or even an institutionalist is to court failure—and often to lose one's self-respect. Under a tension like that in which we live some men—unconsciously, I hope—stifle those convictions which might be troublesome. Others seek to find a safe middle-of-the-road way and sometimes they find themselves without any support, for they appeal neither to the conservative nor to the more forward-looking members of their flock. There must be no mistake about it. There is a price to pay in a day like this for the luxury of forthright preaching against social sin. Often it brings misunderstanding. Sometimes it means social isolation. A man will be called a communist while his conventionally-minded brother minister will be pointed out as one with his "feet upon the ground."

There will often come a loneliness because one alienates those whom he loves best, but the preacher must rise above such event and in patience possess his soul.

● *A Prophet's Home in the Wilderness*

It has ever been true that the minister in his own soul brings to the church a priest and a prophet. And always the church has tended to coddle the priest and stone the prophet. Jesus said in fine irony, "It cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem." No, most prophets have perished *in* Jerusalem. And sometimes it is to be feared that the preacher himself has helped to slay the prophet which is within him.

Personally, I have found great help in the suggestion of a friend which came to me in a lonely hour: A prophet's home is in the wilderness and he has no right to whine when he is driven into the wilderness, his home."

WHY WE WENT TO WAR

"WE went to war to end militarism and there is more militarism today than ever before.

"We went to war to make the world safe for democracy, and there is less democracy today than ever before. . . .

"We went to war to win the friendship of the world, and other nations hate us today. . . .

"We went to war to awaken the American people to the ideals of liberty, justice and fraternity, and instead we awakened them only to the mad pursuit of money.

"All this, and more, the war brought us. It is our harvest from what we sowed." GEORGE W. NORRIS.

IF you are to do any good in your generation, you must try to get a sane and temperate view of the problems which lie before you. Wrecking simply plays into the hands of reaction. I have tried to get you to take long views. There is a real danger of a breach of continuity in our civilization, and a breach of continuity means the risk of losing the hard-won triumphs of the human mind, and the lessons of experience. DEAN W. R. INGE.

LIBERAL religion has proved something of a disappointment to its advocates. The liberal church and synagogue seem to be more of a procession than an institution. People go in and out rather than join in its enduring loyalties. LOUIS I. NEWMAN.

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WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE

FOLLOWING his ordination in the Presbyterian ministry in 1901, Rev. WILLIAM HIRAM FOULKES held pastorates in Elmira, Ill., Clinton, Ia., Portland, Ore., and New York City. In 1913 he was appointed general secretary of Ministerial Relief and Sustentation and five years later became general secretary of the church's New Era Movement. From 1924 to 1926 he ministered at Old Stone Church in Cleveland, and two years later came to his present charge, Old First Church in Newark. At the General Convention of the church, held in Columbus last spring, Dr. Foulkes was elected Moderator.

Receiving his education at Gettysburg College, Lutheran Theological Seminary, Western Theological Seminary and the University of Pittsburgh, Rev. ROBERT S. MILLER served Lutheran parishes in Pittsburgh and Altoona, Pa., from 1921 to 1929. In the latter year he entered the Unitarian ministry as pastor of the Church of Our Father at Lancaster. Early this year he accepted a call to First Unitarian Church of Omaha, Neb.

Rev. PAUL SCHERER *has been pastor* of the Holy Trinity Church, New York City, since 1920. His education was received at the College of Charleston (S. C.) and Lutheran Theological Seminary at Mt. Airy, Pa. He has been president of the Luther Inner Mission Society and a member of the Lutheran Board of Publication. Dr. Scherer has won wide favor as a radio preacher and as a speaker before university audiences. The sermon published in this issue was delivered over the network of the National Broadcasting Company.

Minister of First Congregational Church, Long Beach, Cal., since 1909, Rev. HENRY KENDALL BOOTH has been a leader in social Christianity on the Pacific coast, having been stimulated in this endeavor by the friendship of such men as Washington Gladden, Walter Rauschenbusch and Graham Taylor. Last year he published a volume on the social gospel and its challenge entitled *The Great Galilean Returns.* Other books from his pen are *The Background of the Bible, The Bridge Between the Testaments* and *The World of Jesus.* Mr. Booth is a national sponsor of the Emergency Peace Campaign and is a leader in its activities on the coast.

Since 1933 Rev. O. W. BUSCHGEN *has* been pastor of the Memorial Presbyterian Church, Wenonah, N. J. He has recently been given a call by the important Westminster Church, at Elizabethton, in the same state. Following study in Southwestern University he pursued graduate study in Germany for two years. Early in his career he ministered at the Northeast Presbyterian Church, Kansas City, Mo. For a period he served as secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education.

Rev. CLARENCE W. KEMPER *came to the* pastorate of First Baptist Church, Denver, in 1934, following twelve years' service at the Baptist Temple, Charleston, W. Va. Earlier pastorates were in Chicago, Cincinnati, Minneapolis and Lansing, Mich. He received his B. D. degree at the University of Chicago. Mr. Kemper has been prominent in the general work of his denomination.

Mr. ROBERT MACGIMSEY *is an organist* and composer of New York City.

Rev. RICHARD K. MORTON *is pastor of* the Second Congregational Church, Palmer, Mass.

Rev. WILLIAM H. BODDY *is minister at* Westminster Presbyterian Church, Minneapolis, Minn.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

ALLAN KNIGHT CHALMERS, Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. "If You Were Here to Help." Ezek. 22:30—"And I sought a man among them, that should build up the wall, and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it: but I found none." Isa. 59:16—"And he saw that there was no man, and wondered."

JOHN ANDREW HOLMES, Evanston, Ill. "The Simplicity of Seeking God's Kingdom." Matt. 6:33—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you."

GEORGE A. BUTTRICK, Madison Avenue Presbyterian, New York City. "The Cry of Creaturehood." Psalm 138:8—"The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever: forsake not the works of Thine own hands."

TERRY WILSON, Methodist, Mt. Pleasant, Tex. "Homemade Gods." Isa. 44:17—"And the residue thereof he maketh a god."

W. O. HARRISON, First Christian, Pecos, Tex. "Imprisoned Possibilities." John 1:12—". . . to them gave he power to become the sons of God."

R. B. CHERINGTON, Congregational, Chaplain Veterans' Hospital, Palo Alto, Cal. "Reserve Rations." John 4:32—"I have meat to eat that ye know not of."

ANDREW G. FINNIE, Immanuel Presbyterian, Milwaukee, Wis. "We Are Not Alone." Rom. 12:5—"One body in Christ, members one of another."

GEORGE C. BEEBE, Methodist, Grafton, O. "Not Gone With the Wind." Psalm 103:16, 17—"For the wind passeth over it and it is gone. But the lovingkindness of Jehovah is from everlasting to everlasting."

JOHN C. PRYOR, Congregational, Gilbertville, Mass. "You Can Have Everything." I Cor. 3:21—"All things are yours."

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Title of Sermon

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Text used (write out the text)

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Name of minister

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The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

NO single gesture by Mr. Roosevelt has stirred the country so much as his speech on the war situation which now exists in Europe and Asia. His bold assertion that certain nations were responsible for upsetting the pacific adjustments of international law and creating a situation in which no country could be safe, left no doubt as to what specific nations he had in mind. The next day Secretary Hull issued a statement designating Japan as a violator of the nine power treaty and the Kellogg Pact. Thus the President's general reference to a "quarantine" of aggressor nations focused directly upon Japan's war in China. What Mr. Roosevelt had in mind by the use of that metaphor has not yet been indicated. However, his radio address a week later was a plea for the nation's trust in his ability to handle the situation within the limits of purely pacific measures. A consultation of the nine powers signatory to the Washington treaty guaranteeing China's integrity has been called for the city of Brussels, and the delegates are now foregathering there as this is written. The public reaction to the new American activity in foreign affairs is a divided one. The absolute isolationist is terrified at the prospect. The absolute pacifist is filled with fear that the President is about to lead us into war. The attitude of the rest of us can be described as *anxious*. Consultation? Yes. Mediation along pacific lines in concert with other nations? Yes. War or warlike measures against Japan? No. I am anxious, but not without trust in the President and Secretary Hull.

The President's Peace Policy

The Book of the Month

THE MINISTER: HIS WORLD AND HIS WORK. *By William Adams Brown. Cokesbury Press, $2.00.*

IT will be a sorry day when William Adams Brown stops writing books. The list of his works is so long, and the influence of his mind has been so great upon a large public that has not known him personally, as well as upon the hosts of students who have received their chief theological training in his classroom, that his place in the literature of modern religion can hardly be matched by that of any other theologian. His books are a rare combination of deep thought and practical application. He is more than an armchair philosopher. He likes to mix in the *affairs* of religion as well as meditate upon the *ideas* of religion. He is a churchman, as well as a theologian. This makes him peculiarly an inspiring companion for ministers. The present book, the latest from his pen, is an excellent illustration of this mixing of the profound and the practical. Dr. Brown takes the minister out into his world—the modern world with its confusion of thought—and shows him the kingdoms that are to be won by the minister with his gospel. It is a world of science, a world of many false gods, a world in which a new Moloch, the totalitarian state, has been set up for worship. Then he brings the minister back to his pulpit, to his parish, to his confessional, to his denomination and to the activities of the whole church, and offers him the guidance which the wisdom of much experience entitles him to offer. Sit down with this book in your hands, and you will find that its fascination is irresistible. And when you rise to go to your work you will be a better pastor, for its treasure will have enriched your mind and heart and opened up new paths for your feet.

A Thought for the Month

ALL will agree that sinful people need a gospel. It is the glory of our Christian faith that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. But good people, what have they to do with the gospel? Are they not, by definition, outside the range of the gospel? Is it not the mission of the gospel to take sinners and make them good? But when a person is already good, is he not above the need of a gospel? He is honest, he tries to be just, he is generous, he is a good husband, a good father, a good friend; he serves his community, he takes his full share in all enterprises for promoting human welfare. Is it not therefore gratuitous to speak of his need of a gospel? Yet Jesus said he needed it, and declared that sinners would go into the kingdom ahead of such men as he. That is strange! But is it strange? It may seem strange to those of us who look at the good man from the outside, but does it seem strange to *him?* Does he not feel the need of a gospel? Is he as well satisfied with himself as we are with him? Some good men are indeed quite well satisfied with themselves. But is it not a fact that when we sense this self-satisfaction in the good man, we lose much of our respect for his goodness? Evidently, then, he stands in need of something to make and keep his goodness *good*. Only the gospel can do this. And the gospel does it by the strangest paradox that ever entered the mind of man: It shows the good man that he is a sinner! It makes him see that his goodness, despite all his best efforts, is infected with evil, that his motivation is never unmixed. It makes him see that he is egoistic, privileged and calculating, that much of his goodness is the result of his good fortune in a society that is shot through with injustice. That is what the gospel does for the good man. And it does this for him by bringing his goodness into the light of the goodness of God. In God's presence he cannot assert his own goodness. He can only beat upon his breast and cry, Be merciful to me a sinner! His righteousness becomes a thing of "filthy rags." He cannot boast of it. At the end of his most righteous day's work, he confesses that he is an unprofitable servant. Paul was a good man. And he made it his life mission to carry the gospel to sinners, for he held that Christ had come into the world to save sinners—but he added, "of whom I am chief!"

A Gospel for Good People

Charles Clayton Morrison

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